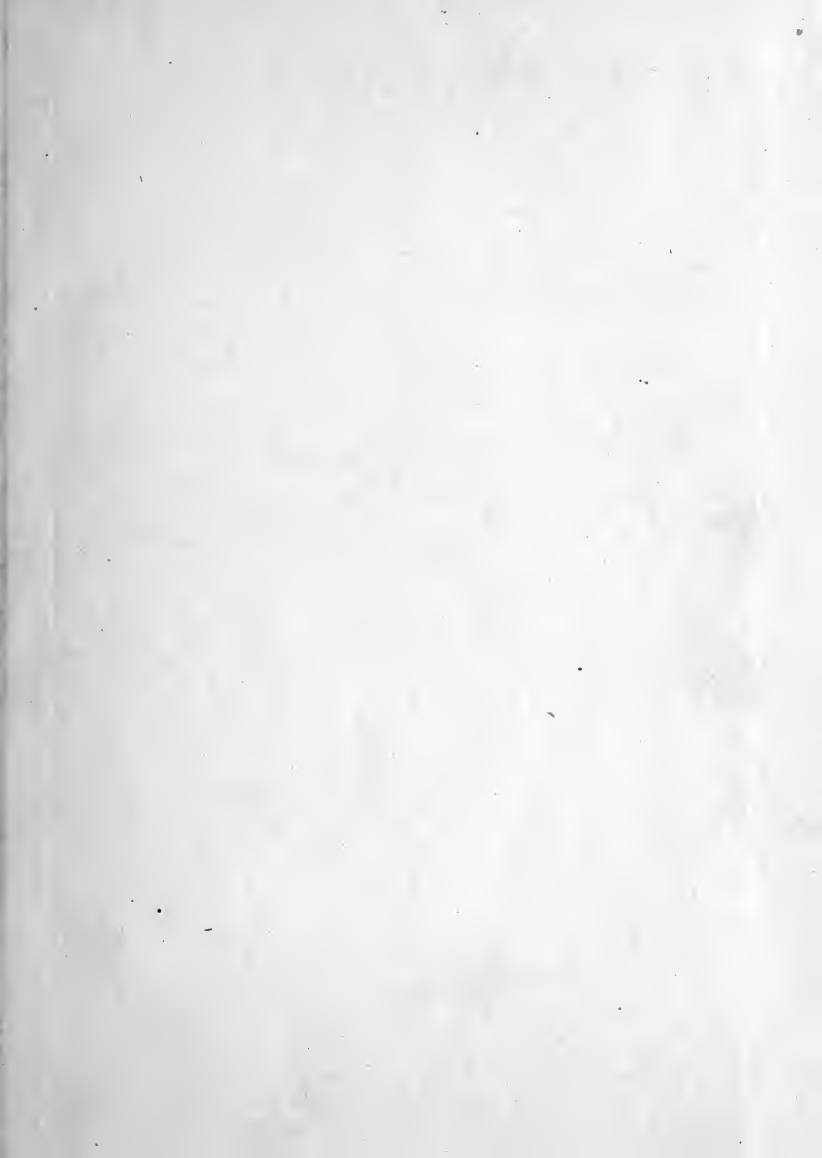


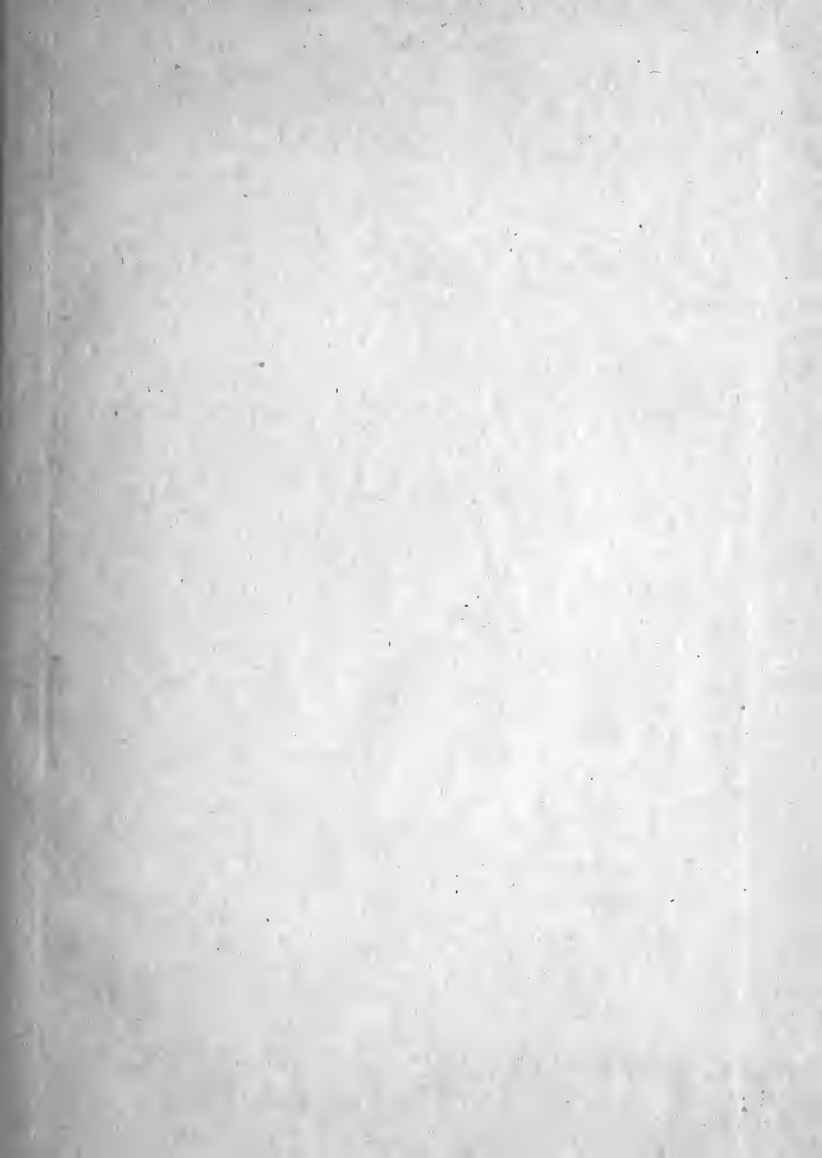
Class P33845

Book A323 T3

Copyright N^o 1917

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT











805
1155



RAINBOW STORIES AND INDIAN MYTHS

RAINBOW STORIES

A N D

INDIAN MYTHS

BY

George W. Caldwell, M. D.

Author of *Oriental Rambles*,
The Wizzywab, etc.

ILLUSTRATED

BY

Jane Jefferson Flippen

3
3 3 3
3 3
3 3 3
3 3 3

PS 3505
A 323 R3
1919

PRELUDE

The road to Fairyland, it seems,
Winds through the magic Land of Dreams;
The children love to wander there,
To build their castles in the air.

Imagination—How it grows
When we are young, and where it goes
When we grow up—nobody knows.



©Cl.A525890

JUN 16 1919

COPYRIGHT 1919

BY

GEORGE W. CALDWELL, M. D.

Ch. 7. A. p. 30. 19.

CONTENTS

RAINBOW STORIES.

	Page
The Flight to Fairyland.....	1
The Fairies in the Flowers.....	15
Sleepy Eyes	17
How the Stars Came in the Sky.....	21
Boomaroar, and the Rainbow.....	25
Boomaroar, and the Sea Shells.....	27
The Fairy Blackbird.....	29
How the Rabbit Lost His Tail.....	33
The Discontented Elephant.....	37

INDIAN MYTHS.

The Blue Lizard.....	47
The Rumbling of Tauquitz.....	51
How the Road Runner Won His Red Feather.....	57
The Prince of Plenty.....	65
The Lights of Elsinore.....	75
The Stepping Stones.....	93
The Echo	103



THE FLIGHT TO FAIRYLAND.

JOHNNIE BOB put aside his book of Fairy Tales, and stretched out on the grass.

"I wonder if there really are Fairies," he mused sleepily as he studied the changing forms of the fleecy clouds. He could imagine in them armadas of ships sailing across the sky, or columns of cavalry, or Roman chariot races, or distant seas with islands and mountainous shores, but nowhere could he make out anything that looked at all like a Fairy. "Perhaps they only appear when one is asleep. If I close my eyes and keep very still, one may come and talk to me." He was silent for a long time, but all he could hear was the sighing of the breeze in the branches overhead. "I wonder if I could understand the Fairy language."

"I am afraid not," chirped a Cricket who was sawing down a grass stem nearby. "Babies use some Fairy words, but they forget them when they grow up. To learn it well one must go to the Fairy school."

"Do Fairies have to go to school too? I thought they were always happy."

"They like it. They don't need to study. The teacher tells them stories."

"Oh! I would like that. May I go to the Fairy school?"

"Perhaps it can be arranged. Climb on my back, and I will take you to Fairyland to see the teacher."

"Be careful, Johnnie Bob." A Rabbit interrupted in a warning voice. "No doubt he means well, but you are much too large to ride on a cricket. For one carrot I will take you there in a night and the fur of my back will keep your feet warm."

"In that case we had better be going," Johnnie Bob replied, "for the night will be very dark."

"Very dark. Very dark," echoed a mysterious voice from the tree overhead. Johnnie Bob looked up. A grey Owl perched on a branch was regarding him solemnly. "Beware. Beware," continued the Owl, lifting one foot in appropriate gestures, "Rabbits fall into holes, and are hunted by Men. Who sees best at night? The Owl, of course. I will take you to Fairyland. I know the way. Did you ever wonder where the Owls go to in the daytime?" He closed one eye and whispered confidentially,—*"Fairyland. And furthermore, I work a little magic here and there, now and then. How would you like a nice, new pair of feather wings, so that you could fly all by yourself? You would? Then stand up and wiggle your nose while I do the magic."*

The Owl braced his legs well apart, and, puffing out his chest with a deep breath, hooted :

“Hoo-o, hoo! Hoohoo, hoo-oo!
Hoo-o, hoo! Hoohoo, hoo-oo!”

There was a sharp rustle of feathers as a pair of wings spread out from the sides of Johnnie Bob's arms. After flapping them a few times to be sure they were on securely, he arose in the air with the Owl, and together they flew away towards the far, far East where, as everyone knows, is to be found the best kind of magic.

A wise old bird is the Owl, my dears,
His tongue is remarkably short, my dears,
But he has a pair of pointed ears,
And his eyes are big and blinking!
The less he talks, the more he hears;
The more he looks, the more appears;
So he is wise beyond his years,
For he does a lot of thinking.

As they soared higher and higher, the earth seemed to unroll below them like a great map. They could see meadows laid off in squares, rivers meandering through the plains, highways tracing a network over the country. The cities, villages and towns seemed to pass beneath them as they winged their way along.

"You soon will fly as well as I
If you will keep on trying,"
The Owl remarked, "and I deny
There's better fun than flying.

How slow the autos seem to us—
How still the ocean shipping.
I wouldn't ride a motor bus;
I like the fun of dipping.

It is a rather reckless thing,
But there's no greater pleasure
Than sliding down on slanting wing,
To right myself at leisure.

We watch the people stop and stare
With envy in their faces,
But few, I think, will ever dare
To try to take our places."

"I have never been afraid of falling," Johnnie Bob replied, "for

In my wonderful dreams I can fly
If I try.

When dangers assail me

I spring in the air

As light as a feather

With never a care;

And flapping my wings

To get used to the things,

I fly over rivers

And over the seas—

Above the green meadows

And forests with ease,

And when I would rest

At the close of the day

I float like a bubble.

It's really no trouble

Escaping from Injuns,

Or tigers, or men,

Who swiftly pursue

Me in anger, and then

They can't beat me, nor eat me,

Nor cheat me, and when

They see me escape

In that curious way,

They stop and they stare
Right up in the air
And, my, how they glare
 With their bad, cruel eyes
 Opened wide in surprise.
But that doesn't fret me,
They never can get me
 For I know they can't fly.
 They don't even try,
 And that may be why,
No matter who chases,
I laugh in their faces
 In my wonderful dreams
 I can fly.

I never knew I could fly
 Till one night
I dreamed that a Tiger pursued,
 And in fright
I ran through the forest
 As fast as I could.
The Tiger got nearer—
 So on through the wood
I lengthened my stride
To steps a mile wide;

But faster and faster
That Tiger Cat came.
He really was hungry
And I was his game;
So, faster and faster
I ran till I found
I could jump over houses
And light on the ground
With only the tiniest
Jar from the leap—
It's strange how much lighter
One is when asleep.
Then I came to a cliff
At the top of a hill,
But I never stopped,
I jumped with a thrill
Of delight to escape
From that terrible Cat,
Who thereafter sat
On the top of the hill,
And yodeled and spat.
Then I found I could fly
By just flapping my arms,
And sail like an Eagle
Away from alarms.



And later that night
 When I woke up in bed
I hid in the blankets
 And covered my head.
In the morning I said
 To my Mother, 'I know
Why Birds are so happy
 And sing as they go.
I know so much more
 Of the dear little things
Than I did, and I know
 They're so proud of their wings
That the melodies burst
 In a flood from their throats,
And fill all the heaven
 With musical notes.
I'll tell you a secret—
 There's joy in the sky—
Dear Mother, I know,
 For in dreams I can fly.'

The hours passed in pleasant conversation, and in the proper time, which is in the rose colored dawn, they came to the Land of Dreams.

There's a beautiful, wonderful
Land of Dreams—
Of Childhood Ideals—
Where everything seems
So vivid and perfect,
We feel very sure
The Castles of Hope
That we build will endure—
Where friendships are lasting,
Unselfish and strong,
And not bought for money,
Nor sold for a song;
Where Love doesn't die—
Isn't killed by a word
That is spoken in anger;
Where lies are not heard—
Where Love is not balanced
By jewels and gold;
Where all things are given
For Love and not sold;
Where only the welfare
Of others is sought,
And we joy in the giving,
And cherish the thought
That Love is perfection—
And all else is naught—
In that beautiful, wonderful
Land of Dreams.

They flew under a rainbow, and perched in a Curlicue tree in the Fairies' Garden of True Love.

It was a peaceful spot. No weeds with thorns or prickles were allowed to grow. Only the flowers of Good Thoughts and Kind Wishes were planted there, and they were cultivated with patience and forbearance, watered with the tears of sympathy, and often warmed by the sunny smiles of forgiveness.

In that enchanted land above—
That Land of Smiles and Friendly Love—
The soul destroying acid, Hate,
Turns honey sweet; and there the gate
To friendship's garden stands ajar,
And in it thornless roses are.
No vain regrets, nor dull despair,
Nor torturing grief can enter there;
For no one wants what is another's,
Nor helps himself by hurting others.

When Johnnie Bob looked around the magic garden he was speechless with wonder.

The first thing he saw was a Fairy school teacher standing on a sunflower ringing a blubell to call the Fairies to school. Just beyond was the beginning of a rainbow up which the Fairies were running because the school room was at the top. Johnnie Bob jumped down from the curlicue tree and tried to join them, but the

rainbow kept moving away. "Hoot, hoot!" called the Owl. "Come back at once. You cannot climb the rainbow unless you wear the magic sandals." Johnnie Bob hurried back and was introduced to the Fairy school teacher. The Owl explained that he was a good boy, that he never took things that did not belong to him or told an untruth, and that he was willing to be punished when he did wrong, and was generous to his playmates.

The teacher replied :

"If you are as good as your playmates say
You may join the school for a single day;
So put on these magic sandals and
Run up the rainbow as fast as you can."

"Now," said the Owl, "you are safe in Fairyland, and I will fly back to my pine tree before it gets too light. If you don't mind, I will trouble you for the magic wings."

The wings suddenly vanished. After saying good bye the accommodating Owl flew away.

Johnnie Bob buckled on the magic sandals as the teacher directed, and joined the throng of Fairies who were running up the rainbow. When they reached the very top they all sat down on the edge and let their feet hang over.

School began as usual with a song:

When the evening shades are falling
And the twinkling stars unveil,
Children hear the Fairies calling
Calling them to Fairydale;
Fairydale, that place in Dreamland
Where the Mother fondly leads them
When she reads a Fairy tale.

"Now I will answer your questions," said the teacher, "by telling a story. When I am telling a story please do not interrupt because that spoils everything. No one expects things to be reasonable in Fairyland. What are the questions for the day?"



THE FAIRIES IN THE FLOWERS.

*Said Johnnie Bob, "I'd like to know
Why it is that flowers grow
Red or yellow, blue or white,
And why their petals close at night."*

"I will answer that," the Fairy replied, "by telling the story of how the flowers came."

Once upon a time—long before time—the Fairies lived in a coral cave in the sea. They were not very happy because the water was too cold, so, one day they climbed out on the shore to warm themselves in the sun.

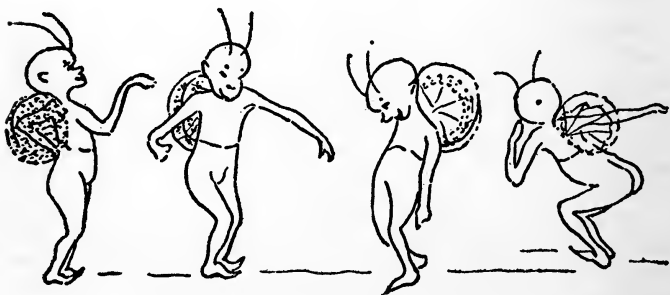
They spent the day playing among the grasses, and swinging in the cobwebs, and enjoyed it so much that they asked the Queen of the Fairies if she would build them a house, and let them stay on the land always.

The Queen replied that she would be pleased to do so, and that she would build them many houses of such beauty that Mortals would never be able to equal them.

Then she waved her magic wand over the plants, and flower buds began to grow out of them, and as they opened she painted them in marvelous colors—red, blue, yellow, in all the tints and mixtures, but some she allowed to remain pure white.

Each Fairy selected the flower and color she preferred, and went in, and made herself at home.

Every morning they opened their shutters to let the warm sunlight in. At night those who lived in the roses, and pansies, and many other kinds left their shutters open, because they delighted in going out to dance in the moonlight. But the Fairies who lived in the poppies closed their shutters up tight, right after supper, because they were very, very sleepy little Fairies.



SLEEPY EYES.

*"Teacher dear, can you devise
A way to close a baby's eyes
In gentle slumber when they weep
So much that Father cannot sleep?"*

"**M** OTHERS and children everywhere agree that there is nothing better for that purpose than a lullaby song," said the Fairy. "I will tell you the story of Sleepy Eyes."

Once upon a time there was a little girl called Sleepy Eyes. After an unusually exciting day, when bed-time came, strange to say, she was not sleepy at all. Her mind was wide awake and her eyes would not stay closed. Everything that had happened to her during the day recurred to her thoughts time and time again. Try as she would she could not sleep.

So the Mother took her little girl in her arms and made herself comfortable in the big rocking chair. She pressed her lips to the child's forehead for a few moments in silent prayer, and then began softly:



Dear little baby mine close your sweet eyes,
Angels are watching from up in the skies.
Mother is guarding you, sleep baby dear,
No harm shall come to you, Mother is near.

Lullaby, lullaby, sleep, baby sleep.

Sleep, little baby mine, snuggle and rest.
Mother will sing you to sleep in your nest.
Safe in her loving arms, nothing to fear,
Sleep, little baby mine, Mother is here.

Lullaby, lullaby, sleep, baby sleep.

Sleep, little baby mine, rest your dear head
Close to your Mother's heart making your bed.
Fairies will give you a smile for a tear,
Sleep, little baby mine, Mother is near.

Lullaby, lullaby, sleep, baby sleep,

Lullaby, lullaby, sleep, baby sleep—

Sleep, baby sleep.

Sleepy Eyes snuggled her cheek against her Mother's breast. She was such a tired baby. Her eyelids were too heavy to be lifted—her hands and feet too comfortable to be moved. Her rose-bud lips parted in a faint smile. Her Mother's voice, so sweetly soothing, sounded further and further away. Her eyelids grew heavier, and heavier. Her feet grew heavier and heavier. Her arms relaxed and fell away from her Mother's neck. It was so sweet to rest. She was so drowsy and sleepy. She was sinking—sinking—sinking in a downy cushion. She was so drowsy and sleepy—so sleepy—so sleepy—sleepy—asleep.

Her Mother laid little Sleepy Eyes tenderly in her bed, and went out on tiptoes.





HOW THE STARS CAME IN THE SKY.

*"Please, Fairy teacher, tell me why
At night the stars come in the sky,
And is it true the Fairies keep
The babies smiling in their sleep?"*

“**T**O answer that,” the Fairy replied, “I must tell you certain facts about babies that are extra special Fairy secrets, not to be mentioned to anyone.”

Once upon a time—long before time—the Fairies lived in the roses and poppies, and other flowers, and ate honey all day long.

Some of them ate so much honey that they grew bigger and bigger, and sweeter and sweeter until they came into the world of mortals as little babies.

The Fairies who did not grow up took delight in playing with their brothers and sisters who had become babies. They would dance on their necks, and wiggle their toes to make them laugh so that the Giggums could not get them.

Did you ever hear about the Giggglums? No? Well, they were distant cousins of the Fairies, and lived next door to Fairyland. They were jolly little Gnomes—round as jelly rolls—and always laughing. In fact, they laughed so much that their eyelids grew together. They had big wiggly ears, and wore pillows on their feet so the children would not hear them coming.

Nothing amused a Giggglum as much as a crying baby. Whenever a child began to cry the Giggglums would appear one by one. Where they came from no one knows, but they would stand in a line and wiggle their ears and listen. If the child cried again they would wiggle their ears, and trot nearer on their pillow feet, and listen. If the child cried again they would wiggle their ears, and trot nearer, and listen. Every time the child cried they would wiggle their ears and trot nearer, guided only by the sound, because their eyelids were grown together. If they could find the crying baby they would giggle until they jiggled like jelly, and then they would toss that cry baby up and down—up and down—up and down until it laughed with them.

Well, after a time, the babies who had been called back up into heaven wanted the Fairies to go up and play with them; so, the Queen of the Fairies told Mothers and Fathers, and Aunts and Uncles, and Nurses how to take care of the babies, and especially, how to tickle their necks and wiggle their toes and to make them laugh so the Giggglums wouldn't get them; and then all the Fairies flew up into heaven.

But the Fairies do not forget the children who are on the earth. Every evening, about an hour after sunset, they go up to the other side of the blue curtain that is spread over the sky to keep the glories of heaven from shining through, and try to look down to the earth. But the curtain is so thick that they can't see very well, so, they tear little holes in the curtain, and then by putting their eyes up close they can see you, and watch over you all night while those who love you and care for you in the day time are sleeping.

Grown people call them stars, but children know they are the twinkling eyes of Fairies peeping at them through the blue curtain of heaven.





BOOMAROAR AND THE RAINBOW.

*Said Johnnie Bob, "I'd like to know
The meaning of the bright rainbow.
And do the rain-clouds dry their tears
For happiness when it appears?"*

AND the Fairy answered:

Once upon a time—long, long before time—there was a Giant called Boomaroar. He was King of the Storms. When he was angry he would go roaring across the skies, flashing lightning from his eyes, and blowing great rain clouds before him.

One day he filled his buckets and went booming over the land in a terrible thunder storm. He dashed the water in great floods upon the flowers, and tossed them about with the wind of his breath until the Fairies who lived in the flowers were nearly drowned.

They called to the Queen of the Fairies to protect them; so, she spread a great arch over the land to keep the rain from falling through, and then she painted it red, and yellow and blue.

When Boomaroar saw it he said, "It is a Rainbow," and hurried away as fast as he could, because he knew the sun would soon come out.



BOOMAROAR, AND THE SEA SHELLS.

*"I walk with Mother on the shore
And ask her questions by the score,
But though I ask, she never tells
Me why there are so many shells."*

"**T**HAT is a difficult question even for a Mother to answer," the Fairy replied, because it is a special and particular secret which only the Fairies know. I will tell you some of the story, but I cannot tell it all because it is such a very special secret."

Once upon a time—long time before time—Boomaroar, King of the Storms, lived far out in the ocean where he splashed around playing with the whales.

He was a gruff and rude sort of a giant. He did not like the Queen of the Fairies very well, because she made the rainbow. One spring day, while she was sleeping in a meadow, he tried to cover her up with water.

He slapped the ocean with his big hands, spattering the water into the sky, so that it fell in showers for days and days. Then he bounced up and down in the ocean to make the waves roll over the land, but the Queen of the Fairies heard the floods coming, and flying into the mountains, stood on her tiptoes on the highest peak.

The rains fell harder and harder, and the waves dashed higher and higher. Boomaroar was so amused that the sound of his rumbling rolls of thundering laughter was heard for miles and miles.

The Queen had to do something to protect herself and the little Fairies from such a bad giant, so she picked an enormous basketful of shells out of the rocks, and poured them over the head of Boomaroar until he was almost covered up in the ocean.

He was so surprised that he hurried back to his home, and never annoyed the Fairies again.

Then the Queen spread sand along the seashore to keep the salt water in the ocean, and lying down, finished her nap, but she never would tell in what kind of rock sea shells are found. That is for children to find out.

THE FAIRY BLACKBIRD.

*"Please teacher, will you kindly tell
About the strange thing that befell
The little boy who threw a stone,
And wouldn't let the birds alone."*

"**T**HAT is a story that every boy should know," the Fairy remarked, "and I hope Johnnie Bob will pay special attention."

Once upon a time—a long time before time—there was a little boy who threw stones at birds. He was not a really bad boy, but he did not understand birds.

One day when he was playing Indian, he saw a blackbird sitting in a tree singing the only song it knew, and trying to make people cheer up. At least, it looked like a blackbird, but it was really a Fairy policeman wearing a black feather coat with red stripes on the shoulders.

The boy picked up a stone and threw it, not thinking it was a cruel sport. The Fairy flew away to Fairyland, and told the other Fairies what the boy had done. They decided to teach him to be more kind to the birds. They put on black feather coats, and led by the Fairy policeman, flew down to the earth. Circling about over the boy's head they worked their charm by singing:



“We sing and we chatter
The magical words
To punish the bad boy
Who bothers the birds.
Come, Queen of the Fairies,
And lend us your charms;
Come, King of the Fishes,
And take off his arms!
Put scales on his stomach,
And also we wish
To smooth out his features
To look like a fish.
When half a red snapper,
And half just a boy,
He won’t hurt the blackbirds,
Nor Fairies annoy;
So, take off his eyebrows,
His ears, and his chin—
And make him confess
When his Father comes in.”

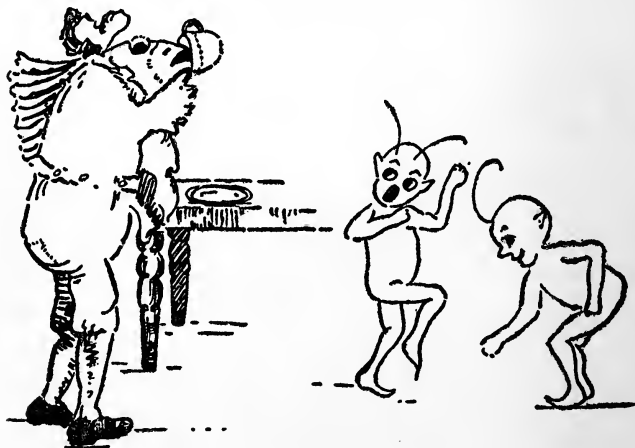
He heard them chattering, but, thinking it was only another flock of birds, he was stooping to pick up a stone when a strange thing happened to him.

His Mother, looking out of the window, saw his face when it first began to change. It grew longer and longer. His eyes grew rounder and rounder. His mouth grew wider and wider, and kept opening and closing as if he were trying to say Mamma! Mamma! but not a sound

could he make. She called him into the house. When he saw his face in the mirror he was so ashamed that he went into a corner and stood with his face to the wall until his Father came home.

Then he told his Father all about it, and promised not to harm the birds any more. As soon as he had said that the charm was lost, and he changed back to a boy again just as he was before, excepting, that forever after, he was a good friend to the birds.

He learned that happiness soon turns to sorrow if obtained through causing anguish to others.



HOW THE RABBIT LOST HIS TAIL.

*"I wonder why the Rabbits fail
To grow a proper length of tail.
Was it lost, or left about
To sit upon, and so worn out?"*

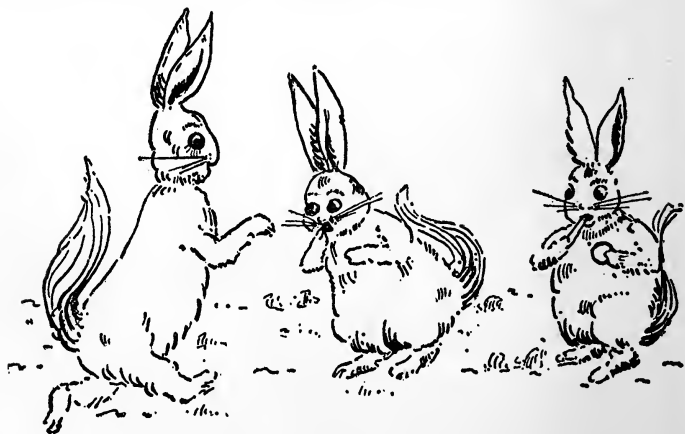
"**T**HAT is a really sad story," the Fairy remarked, "especially for the Rabbit. This is the way it happened":

Once upon a time— a long time before time—there was a Mrs. Rabbit who lived in a hollow stump. She earned her living by doing the washing for the Hedgehog family. No one else would do it because they used so many pins in their clothes instead of buttons. She was a patient little Mother.

One morning before she went to work she told her little boy Jack that he was not to go out of the house until she returned. She left him a carrot, which as everyone knows, is the best kind of a lunch for a Rabbit.

Well, at four o'clock in the afternoon, or, possibly a quarter past four, Jack, being lonesome, ventured into the front yard, thinking his Mother would never know anything about it. After playing there for some time, and finding it so pleasant outside, he hopped cautiously into the road. No one was to be seen in either direction. He went a little further and lifted up his ears, but could hear nothing but the chirp of the crickets, and the songs of the birds. Then he hopped down the road without fear.

After a time he came to a grove, and in the shade of a big tree he found a cloth spread on the grass. On it were all sorts of good things to eat.



Jack's eyes brightened, and his nose wiggled in anticipation. He waved his tail in delight. I should have mentioned before that he was very proud of his long fluffy tail, and brushed it carefully every night.

Jack sat down before a plate, and nibbled at an ear of corn. He did not care much for that. He had corn at home. At the next plate he ate a sandwich. At the next plate he ate a big slice of chocolate cake; and then, I am sorry to say—he ate up every bit of the vanilla ice cream.

He wiped his lips with a napkin, rubbed his round tummy, and felt so satisfied and drowsy that he hopped into the grass and fell asleep.



When the people came back from hunting, and saw what had happened, they groaned in dismay.

"O— o— o—! Who has been eating our luncheon?"

This awakened Jack, but he was so soggy with chocolate cake, and so oozy with vanilla ice cream, that he only lazily lifted one ear. When he heard their angry words he opened his eyes, and seeing strange people, he realized at once that his Mother was right; so, he jumped up and bounded for home.

One of the hunters saw him, and raised his gun.

Jack jumped sideways as quickly as he could, as his Mother had taught him to do under such circumstances, but his long, fluffy tail was shot right off. He did not stop to pick it up, but dashed home to his Mother who wrapped up the stump in corn silk.

If, someday, you should happen to see a Rabbit with a short tail—one just long enough to wiggle—you will know it is probably the same Rabbit who ran away to play in the road.

THE DISCONTENTED ELEPHANT.

*"Although I try, I really can't
Comprehend the Elephant.
Will you tell me why he grows
So short of legs and long of nose?"*

THERE have been many explanations and apologies for the elephant," remarked the Fairy. "He knows he is not gracefully built and it causes him to appear embarrassed and self-conscious.

Once upon a time, a long time ago, Elephants were as handsome and graceful as any other animal. They had nice kind faces like Pigs, slender bodies, and long thin legs like Nanny Goats.

It was a pretty sight in those old days to see the Elephants dancing in the meadows, or leaping from crag to crag in search of the delicatessens on which they fed.

Well, among them was one petulant baby elephant who was extremely discontented. Nothing pleased him. He always wanted something else. He couldn't make up his mind what it was, but he was sure it was something else. In fact he couldn't make up his mind on anything, or at least, it wouldn't stay made up.

He was constantly changing his mind. If he started forward he would change his mind and step backward. He was so restless that his Mother suspected adenoids.

He had no strength of character, and his feet hurt.

His Father warned him that if he did not stop moving forward and backward, he would have to give him an extra head so he could see where he was going.

However, I am sorry to say, this baby Elephant paid no attention to advice; so, one day after he had tipped over the piano by backing into it, his Father took off his tail and put a head in its place.

It is really not wise to interfere so much with Nature, and in this case it nearly caused a sad tragedy, for the baby Elephant started forward from each end at the same time and pulled his body out like a measuring worm. His Father was so afraid he would pull himself apart, that he hastily took off the extra head and put back the tail. Then he squeezed him up together as tightly as he could—in fact, he rather overdid the matter, for the Elephant has appeared to be too short and thick ever since.



This baby Elephant had another unpleasant habit—that of lifting up one foot and then the other, and swinging from side to side. This, of course, made a lot of noise, for up to that time Elephants had long, graceful legs with hoofs on their feet like horses.

The noise annoyed the oysters who lived in the flat below so much that they turned over and over in their beds. The Sword Fish became so vexed, because he could not sleep in the day time, that he went up and sawed the baby Elephant's feet right off with his nose.

Ever since then Elephants have had to go around walking on stumpy legs with pads on the bottoms instead of feet, but they don't make any noise at all.

I purposely have avoided mentioning the Elephant's nose, because he is so sensitive about it. It was not originally such a long nose—a little longer, perhaps, than the Camel's, but not really noticeable.

Curiosity was what made it grow, especially curiosity about where his Mother kept the peanuts, cookies doughnuts and jam. I suppose there never was a child who was as curious about such matters as this baby Elephant—which after all is very fortunate, indeed, for us.

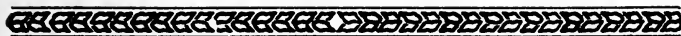
"That is all the stories for the day," said the Teacher, dismissing the school. "Be careful in going down the rainbow."

Johnnie Bob arose to his feet. The dampness had made the rainbow slippery and he began to slide. Faster and faster he fell. He could faintly hear the Teacher's warning voice calling,

"Johnnie Bob! Johnnie Bob!"

When he struck the ground he sat up suddenly to look around. He was back home again in his own back yard, and his Mother was calling him to supper.





INDIAN MYTHS



INTRODUCTION

The human mind has in all ages sought a reasonable explanation for natural phenomena. The modern mind demands scientific demonstration, but primitive mind was perforce obliged to deduce a fanciful explanation based upon the supernatural, which was at least satisfying to his religious instinct. Such tales were handed down from generation to generation. Some of them, like the ones herein related, were not readily confided to the white trespassers on their territory, and hence have to this time remained unpublished.

The following stories are founded on myths of the Soboba Indians of Southern California, with the exception of the one entitled "The Echo" which refers to the tribe whose hunting grounds were in the region of the Merced River.

The myth entitled "The Blue Lizard" is the Indian explanation of the curious fact that the Blue Lizard is found only in the region of the San Jacinto mountains at an elevation exceeding 1800 feet above sea level.

The myth entitled "The Rumbling of Tauquitz" is the Indian explanation for the mysterious noises, coming from the depths of the mountain, which are occasionally heard. It may be interesting to mention that the rumblings of Tauquitz have been studied on the spot for months at a time by Government and University savants, but they have been unable to agree upon an explanation.

In the myth entitled "The Lights of Elsinore" is found the Indian explanation for the will-o'-the-wisps that sometimes appear over the marshy ground at the lower end of the lake, and also for the small white flower which they believe grows only in that locality.

In other myths the animals are endowed with human attributes and supernatural wisdom. They possess the especial confidence of the Great Spirit, and under certain circumstances hold converse with the Medicine Man. To this day, educated as the Indian has become, when a question of great importance is before the council and its decision is preplexing, a conclusion will not be made until the Medicine Man has gone into the wilds at night and consulted the

Coyote, the Puma or other wild animal. When the Medicine Man has received a communication from the Great Spirit, through the intermediary of a wild creature, no Indian will dare oppose his mere human judgment against such an authoritative revelation.

If in the translation we have lost the sonorous measure of the original as related by the Indian himself, we have at least endeavored to follow his poetic imagery, and to preserve, through the medium of printed pages, a few of the beautiful legends of a vanishing people.

THE BLUE LIZARD.

ONCE upon a time—a long time before time—an epidemic came among the Saboba Indians. The little ones sickened and died in such numbers that sorrow was in every wigwam. Mothers sat in silence staring with tear-dimmed eyes at empty papoose baskets, or bowed their heads in grief, wailing mournfully.

The Medicine Men were helpless before this strange and terrible malady. Their charms were useless—their prayers unanswered. The death chant could be heard continually.

The Chief called a council of the old men and in anguish they prayed together to the Great Spirit to send them a remedy to save the children.

At that time the Great Spirit was very busy, because the scourge was abroad all over the world. Prayers for deliverance were arriving in great numbers, but he answered every one in their order by sending a messenger with the remedy.

When he finally came to the prayer of the council of the Sabobas there was not a messenger left. The last one had been sent away to a far corner of the earth, but the prayers of this village were so earnest and eloquent that the pity of the Great Spirit was touched. Something must be done for the babies of the Sabobas, or the tribe would perish utterly.

The spirit of the Chief's daughter had just come home to him in heaven. She was the sweetest child of the tribe—gentle, uncomplaining and obedient. She had never told an untruth but once—or possibly two or three times—and then she had confessed it to her Mother before she slept and had been kissed and forgiven as all Mothers have a way of doing.

The Great Spirit realized that in this little girl he had a soul good enough to be his messenger. He must act quickly, so, reaching up his hand he tore off a strip of blue sky and wrapped it tenderly around the little girl's soul, then saying, "Go little Blue Lizard, and carry my remedy to the Sobobas," he placed her on a sunbeam.

Down she went, straight to the village and visited every sick child, always riding on a sunbeam. Wherever she went the children recovered because she gave them the remedy of the Great Spirit wrapped up in the sunshine.

Her task being finished, the Blue Lizard desired to return at once to the sky from whence she came. She began to climb the mountain, but soon found that going up was much more difficult than sliding down. When she got half way up the mountain she was too tired to go further, so she prayed to the Great Spirit to send her a pair of wings that she might fly home to the sky.

She rested on the rocks in the sunshine for days and days, but the wings did not appear. Then she prayed again, saying to the Great Spirit, that if it were not convenient just then to send a pair of wings, would he please send a companion for her to play with, because she was so very, very lonesome.

The Great Spirit had not been really thoughtless of his messenger. He knew what was best for her, and what would, in the end, make her the most happy. He smiled, and reaching up his hand tore off another strip of blue sky, and wrapped it tenderly around the soul of an Indian boy, then saying, "Go, little Blue Lizard, and be a playmate for my messenger," he sent him down to earth on a sunbeam.

He fell safely on the mountain, and soon found the little girl Blue Lizard, and they were very happy together. When they grew up they were married, and had a large family.

Their descendants may still be seen scurrying across the sun-warmed rocks of the upper mountain slopes. They never go to the lower levels, but are constantly striving to climb nearer to the blue sky which they know is their home.

The Indians never harm them, because long, long ago their tribe was saved by the Blue Lizard—the Great Spirit's messenger from the sky.



THE RUMBLING OF TAUQUITZ.

ONCE upon a time—oh, long before time—there was a Giant named Tauquitz, who lived in a cavern near the top of one of the peaks of the San Jacinto Mountains.

From his mountain top he could look out upon a great expanse of country. To the west were rows of foothills, between which were plains dotted here and there with isolated rocky hillocks; and still beyond stretching up to the horizon, was the broad expanse of the blue-grey Pacific ocean shimmering in the sunset. If he turned to the east he could look down into the great basin of the desert, where the wind devils, whirling and dancing across the burning sands, carried up in their arms, clouds of dust, making the outlines of the distant mountains uncertain in the haze.

The scenery was doubtless beautiful, yet Tauquitz was unhappy. The fact is, he was lonesome. "It is all very well," he reflected, "being a Giant and having a mountain and a cave, and everything, but even a Giant wants a little recreation now and then. I need a companion—some one who will be cheerful and pleasant around the house." So he decided to take a wife, but as Giantesses, even in those days were inclined to be rather domineering, he resolved to take one from among mortals.

His glance wandered across the valleys dotted with villages. He saw many maidens walking about engaged in their various amusements and duties, but nowhere could be seen one as fair as Mena, the Rose of the Sobobas.

Determined to win her he descended the mountain gradually shaking himself down to the size of a very large man, and repeating over and over again—

"I want to be mortal and win me a wife,
And live in the mountains the rest of my life."

Being in love causes one to be particular about one's personal appearance. Giants are no exception. Tauquitz realized that he was not dressed according to the latest stone age fashion, so, he slew a grizzly bear with a stroke of his club. After taking off the skin he wrapped it around his body and pinned it with an elephant tusk.

When he reached the village and found the maiden of his choice he addressed her:

"Behold! I am the Lord of Tauquitz. I love you with a Giant love. Marry me and you shall be my wife."

That was a rather odd way to propose, I am sure, but it was etiquette in the stone age.

To this the maiden modestly replied: "Nay, nay, gentle stranger, it may not be, for Mena, the Rose of the Sobobas, loves a brave young warrior."

"Consider well, fair maiden, for in two moons or maybe three, I shall return and claim you for my bride." So saying he strode haughtily away.

For two moons Mena lived in alarm, for Tauquitz was known as a bold bad Giant and a maker of earthquakes, but her heart remained true to her warrior lover.

Again Tauquitz appeared and said, "I have come for my bride."

"I cannot marry you for I love my young warrior truly."

Without further parley he seized the girl and made off towards his mountain. Her outcries aroused the village, and the men brandishing stone axes started in pursuit.

Tauquitz ran on, and as he ran he puffed deep breaths, and every time he puffed he lifted up his chest, and every time he lifted up his chest he shouted:

"I puff and I huff, and I lift and I roar
I will be a Giant again as before."

Every time he puffed he grew stronger, and every time he lifted up his chest he grew taller, and every time he

said those words he grew bigger. When he reached the forest he was taller than the trees.

Tauquitz ran through the forest. The Indians pursued. Tauquitz pulled up a pine tree and whirled it around with such force that he started a whirlwind which blew many warriors into the air.

Tauquitz ran to the hills. Still the Indians pursued. Tauquitz turned and hurled at them the thousands of boulders which may now be seen in the water courses.

Tauquitz ran to the mountains. Still the Indians pursued. Tauquitz stamped on the ground until the mountain shook with the blows, and avalanches of rocks fell upon the warriors.

Tauquitz ran into Dark Canyon and reached the entrance to his cavern. He paused to defy the lover who was the only warrior who had survived his wrath. His taunting laughter echoed from cliff to cliff like deep rolls of thunder.

The young warrior, fearless of the magic power and strength of Tauquitz, and unmindful, undaunted by the fate of his comrades, ran on calling: "Mena! Mena!"

Mena, who was being carried on the Giant's left shoulder, reached out her hands imploringly.

Tauquitz roared a final warning:

"Go back to your valley, brave warrior before
I shake down the mountain to close up my door."

Then he stooped and disappeared within the dark cavern.

Still the young warrior ran on. He had reached the entrance when Tauquitz put his shoulder against the roof of the cavern and gave a great heave.

The side of the mountain bulged out and cracked open with a loud

BANG!

A great landslide crashed down the mountain, blocking the entrance to the cavern, and enclosing the young warrior lover in a great upstanding white rock.*

The dismal moans of the imprisoned warrior may even now be heard in Dark Canyon on stormy nights when the wind comes down from the heights.

The Indians will not ascend the mountain above that rock, because they fear the wrath of Tauquitz. They believe the young warrior still stands within it awaiting the time when an earthquake will open the rock and set him free to rescue his beloved.

Mysterious rumbling sounds coming from the depths of the mountain are sometimes heard for miles around.

*(Note: The rock—a prominent landmark—is now known as Sentinel or Lily Rock.)

Many wise and learned men have journeyed to the mountain to learn the reason for the rumbling, but they have come away baffled and unable to explain it. But the Indians shake their heads and are silent. They know the reason. Tauquitz is rolling stones around in his cave in anger, because Mena, the Rose of the Sobobas, is weeping for her lost lover, and refuses to be comforted.

And when the earthquakes come they tremble with fear, for Tauquitz is lifting and shaking the mountain desperately trying to break out of his prison cave.

HOW THE ROAD RUNNER WON HIS RED FEATHER.

ONCE upon a time—long before time—an Indian went to the Chief of the Soboba Indians bearing a strange tale. The Apaches, their eastern neighbors and ancient enemies, had secured from a burning mountain a wonderful new magic called Fire. The Coyote had carried it to them. This Fire which consumed dry wood, not only gave out a pleasant warmth, but had the power of making the corn and acorns, upon which they subsisted, more delicious to the taste.

The burning mountain was in the Land of the Apaches, far beyond the desert, and beyond the great river that flows from the deep chasm. The Apaches would not give or sell the fire to the Sobobas because of the bitter warfare which had existed between the tribes for generations.

The Chief called a council of all the tribe, and as was the custom in those days, all the birds and animals were invited, for they lived together in peace, and understood each other's languages.

When the council was assembled the Chief addressed them, and in conclusion, said:

"We, too, must secure this new magic called Fire which brings the heat of the day to the cold nights, and which works a charm on food to make it more delicious. As our enemies, the Apaches, will neither give nor sell it to us, we must go through their country to the burning mountain to secure it. Who will be the messenger? He must be the strongest, for he must swim the great river. He must be the bravest, for our enemies are cruel, and the burning mountain is guarded by venomous serpents. He must be the swiftest to bring the fire while a spark still burns. Who will go?"

There was much talking among the braves, but each had an excuse to offer.

Then the Chief addressed the animals: "Man is not equal to the task. Among the animals many are brave and sagacious. Who will go?"

All eyes were turned toward the Lion.

The Lion lifted his chin from his outstretched paws, and flicked his tail nervously. "I like my food raw," he roared. "My mane keeps me warm." His roar changed to a whine as he added, "And I just know I am going to be afraid of fire."

The Dog was called upon. "I am a friend of Man," he barked, wagging his tail, "and I like the idea of cooked food. If Man will come with me I will do my best, but I will be too lonesome to go alone."

The Bear was exempted because he had flat feet, and several animals of a retiring nature, who suffered from nervous chilliness of the pedal extremities.

Then the council turned to the birds, and called for the Eagle.

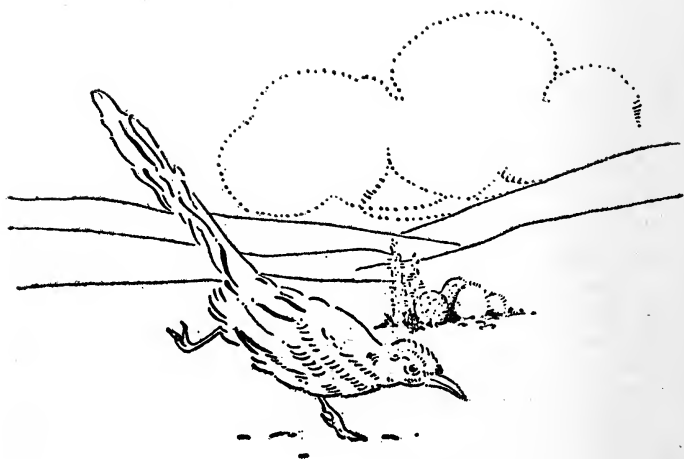
The Eagle flapped his wings, and swept the council with a glance of his fearless eyes. "I am a public spirited bird," he screamed, "and this fire may be a good thing for the people, but I am a mountain bird. I would be lost in the desert; therefore I beg to be excused."

The Dove begged to be excused because he was a bird of peace. Fighting was quite abhorrent to him, and besides, he was just married, and preferred to stay at home to bill and coo.

The Owl contended that he was a bird of wisdom much needed in council. He preferred a desk position.

The Chief was in despair. "Is no man, beast or bird brave enough to bring the fire?"

Into the circle walked a lean, brown bird of sprightly demeanor. He was a handsome bird. His head was erect, and his tail feathers stood up like a teapot handle. His legs were long and thin. He was especially proud of his legs. He was a Road Runner—and still is, for that matter.



"I will bring the fire," he said in a steady voice. "I may not be wise or famous, but I am spry on my feet. I am at home on the desert, and I know how to fight the snakes. I will bring the fire."

Loud and prolonged cheering followed this announcement.

After a few words of thanks and advice from the Chief, the Road Runner started on his dangerous journey. He ran easily and swiftly with lowered head. In a few hours he entered the desert—a sandy waste, quivering with heat, and barren of verdure excepting for an occasional cactus and a few thorny bushes. At long intervals he passed small water courses with a thin fringe of willows and a narrow strip of cultivated land where the desert Indians made their homes. They paid no attention to him, for he was only a Road Runner, all bones, pride and feathers, and too tough to eat.

When he reached the Great River he sat down to rest his aching legs, and to gaze at the broad waters rushing swiftly toward the Sea. He had never seen such a large river. It was far too wide for him to fly across, and he was a poor swimmer. How was he to get over?

While considering the question he heard the sharp rattle of his hereditary enemy—the Rattle Snake. Guided by the sound he soon came upon the snake, who, having found the nest of a Wild Goose, was about to devour the eggs. The Road Runner attacked at once. When the snake turned and glided away, the Goose, having returned and witnessed the fight, wept for joy.

"Thank you, thank you," she repeated in a quacking voice, the tears streaming down her bill. "What can a Goose do to show her gratitude and repay your kindness?"

"Are you a good swimmer?"

"I may not be swift, but I am strong and considered graceful in the water."

"Will you carry me across the river?"

"I will, and bring you back too. It is a small service to offer one who has saved my home."

"It will be a great favor to me."

The Goose waddled into the water and the Road Runner clambered on her broad back. In a short time he was across the river, and having thanked the Goose, went racing away toward the burning mountain whose smoking cone could be seen in the distance.

When he began to ascend the mountain he entered the region of the Snakes. He had not proceeded far when he was challenged by a huge Rattler who coiled into his fighting position and shook the rattles on the end of his tail defiantly.

The Road Runner seized a piece of thorny cactus in his bill and laid it in front of the Snake. Then he found another and laid it beside the first one; then another, and another until he had made a circle completely around the Snake.

The trap thus being laid, the Road Runner stood at a safe distance in front of the Snake and jeered at him, saying bitter and taunting things, and daring him to strike.

The Snake became more and more angry until, being unable to control his fury, lunged full length at his tormenter.

The Road Runner having expected this, stepped lightly to one side, and the Snake came down with a hard thump on the ground impaling his neck on one of the sharp thorns. Before he could extricate himself the Road Runner had finished the fight by driving his beak into the Snake's head.

A short distance beyond he was stopped by another Snake whom he fought and conquered in the same way. All day long he was carrying cactus and fighting Snakes, until at evening when he reached the fire at the top of the mountain he was exhausted but triumphant.

As he looked at the fire he remembered with regret that he had brought nothing to carry the fire in.

All night long he pondered over the question of how he was to carry the fire.

Early the next morning he was ready to return. He had the fire. And where do you suppose he carried it? You will never guess, so I will have to tell you. He had it concealed among the feathers of his ear.

He ran down the mountain to the river. The Goose carried him across. He raced over the desert, and over the hills and never stopped until he reached the council place.

There he shook his head over a pile of dry leaves. Out dropped a spark. The leaves blazed up. Little sticks

were piled on, then bigger sticks, then big logs. That bonfire was the first council fire of the Indians. Around it they learned to parch corn and roast acorns—the first lesson in cooking food.

The Road Runner was praised and thanked. The Chief announced that, as a medal of valor he should always wear in his ear the single feather that had been scorched red by the fire, and promised that he would always be protected by man.

That was ages, and ages ago, but even to this day there are laws to protect the Road Runner, and anyone harming him may be severely punished.

His principal occupation now is killing Snakes, but experience has taught him discretion, and he prefers to attack while they sleep.

For amusement he likes to run in the middle of the road ahead of automobiles.

If you should be able to catch one, which I very much doubt, examine the feathers around his ear. You will find concealed there a single small feather of the bright red color of fire.

THE PRINCE OF PLENTY.

Mahalla, daughter of the Chief of the Sobobas, sat before her tepee playing with her pets, a Coyote kitten and a young Rabbit.

"My daughter," said the Chief, "again I say you must choose a husband. You have scorned the suitors of our tribe. You have driven away the son of the Chief of the Cahuillas. Now have I brought the son of the Chief of the Cocopahs. Him shall you marry."

Mahalla glanced at the young man, but shook her head sadly. "No, Father, my heart goes not out to meet him. I am young. Give me yet a little more time to play with my wild animal friends."

"It is time you should marry," said her Father, and withdrew.

Mahalla arose and sought the tent of the old Medicine Man. She entered and dropped the curtain of deer skin.

The Medicine Man was old, wrinkled and decrepit, yet kind and very wise in the ways of the animals.

"Tonight shall it be, Father?"

"Aye, my daughter. Tonight when the moon is full you shall learn the ways of the Rabbit."

That night, when the village was still, and the people deep in sleep, Mahalla stole from her tepee. Joining the old Medicine Man they went together to the plain. Threading their way among the clumps of sage brush they finally reached an elevation of sand. The odor of the sage was in the air, the grey-green of the foliage was changed to silver by the moonlight. The stars twinkled in an azure dome.

"This, as I have told you before," continued the Medicine Man, "is the call for the wolf; this for the Puma; this for the Fox." Each he demonstrated with a call made in a low tone for her ear only. "Tonight we will converse with the Rabbit—a modest and kind-hearted animal well worthy of your friendship."

Forming a funnel with his hands before his face the old man gave a peculiar call. Three times he repeated it. Then from the shadows of the mesquite thickets, from the groves of cottonwoods along the river bed, from the fields of sage surrounding them came the Rabbits with long and graceful leaps—Jack Rabbits, Brush Rabbits and Cottontails. As they arrived they flopped their ears in salutation and sat on their haunches.

When the circle was complete the Medicine Man addressed them. "Behold, I have brought you a new friend—the Princess of the Sobobas. She will love you and care for you as I have done. I am an old man, my joints stiffen. The Princess will help you when I am gone." The Rabbits bowed and flopped their ears. "But tell

me," continued the Medicine Man, "how fares it this season with the Rabbits?"

"Badly, very badly," replied an old grey Jack Rabbit. "See, we are thin and weak. Seeds and berries are scarce this season. We hunt for days to find a small amount."

"That is bad. I am so sorry," said the Princess in a sympathetic voice, "tomorrow I will search the hills and plains and wherever I find wild food I will blaze a tree that you may see it from a distance. Every day I will search and leave a sign wherever I find the favorite food of Rabbits."

"Mahalla is our friend," the Rabbits agreed. "We will tell the other animals of the good Mahalla."

The next night the Medicine Man introduced the Princess to the Coyotes. They were much in need of wild carrots. Mahalla promised to hunt for them and to leave her sign where they could be found.

On other nights she was made acquainted with the Pumas. They complained of the shortage of roots and berries. Mahalla would help them find fields where the berries grew more plentifully.

Through the teachings of the wise old Medicine Man Mahalla became learned in the language of the wild things. She became the friend of them all. They would come at her call. Their food supplies were marked by signs which they understood and so they were able to live through the lean year in comparative comfort.

Again her Father conversed with her on the subject of her marriage. "You must choose a husband," he

said. "Tomorrow you shall meet the Chief of the Yumas, and the Chief of the Hopi. They are great Chiefs and they sue for your hand. Choose between them. Time passes. I grow old. Before I die I would see my daughter's son, who will some day be Chief of the Sobobas. My line must live. Its fate is in your hands."

"Father, I understand. Tomorrow I will choose a husband."

On the next day Mahalla met the Chief of the Hopi. He was small. He was thin. His smile was continuous and vacant. Him, she decided, she could not wed.

She met the Chief of the Yumas. He was big, gross and fat. He was harsh and gruff. He was repellant. Of a certainty she could not wed him.

"How then, will the Princess be suited?" the Father stormed. "One is too fat, another too lean. One is too tall, another too short. One is too old, another too young. Have done with such nonsense. You shall marry. Choose a husband worthy of the daughter of the Chief of the Sobobas."

"Have patience with me, my Father. It is a grievous question. Tomorrow I will choose a mate."

That night Mahalla went into the wilds and called her animal friends around her. When they had gathered she addressed them. "My friends, I have loved you and served you. Your intuition is stronger than mine. Give me your council. Shall I marry the Chief of the Hopi?" A snarl of disapproval went around the circle.



"Shall I marry the Chief of Yuma?" A fiercer snarl of disapproval.

"Will another come—one whom I have dreamed of?" Purrs and bows came from the animals.

The next morning as Mahalla was seated in front of her tepee deeply pondering on the problem of her marriage, she lifted her eyes and beheld a stranger coming down the hill in the pathway to her village. An Eagle feather was in his hair. His robe, rich, but much worn, was of an unknown tribe. His face was eager and alert, his eyes those of a dreamer. When their glances met his face lighted in a smile and he quickened his pace. In Mahalla's eyes came an expression of surprise, then they softened and smiled. Her lips parted in a sigh, and she held out her hands with palms up.

The stranger approached and laid his hands, palms down, upon hers. Long and intently they gazed into each other's eyes.

"At last I have found you," he said, almost in a whisper.

"Long have I waited," she breathed in reply.

"Long have I sought you among all the tribes, but now I am content."

He sat beside her and, hand in hand, they conversed in low voices until the shadows lengthened. Then she arose and went to her Father's tepee.

"I have chosen," she said, "my mate has come."

"Who is he?"

"I know not, Father. I only know that he is my mate—the mate I have waited for."

"Send him to me."

The stranger stood before the Chief. "Who are you? Whence came you? Where go you, and whom do you seek?"

"I am a stranger. I come from afar. I go to all tribes. I seek my mate and happiness, or rather, I have been among many tribes, and I have found my mate. I seek no further. Here I remain. I have found her. She is your daughter, Oh great Chief."

"And do you, a stranger, a wanderer, a dreamer, presume to claim as wife the Princess of Soboba who is courted by the great Chieftains?"

"I claim only Mahalla, my mate, by the right of love alone."

"Mahalla is the Princess of Soboba."

"Of that I know nothing. I only know she is my mate, and I am hers. The Great Spirit has so willed it. We know it."

"Nay, bold stranger, it is not so. Begone."

Mahalla, having overheard the stormy interview, hastened to her old friend the Medicine Man and poured out her story with tears. "Shall I leave my Father and my people," she asked, "and flee in the night to a far country?"

The wrinkled old man was silent. With his claw-like fingers he made marks upon a pile of sand. At length he

said, "I know not. The Spirits give no sign. The wisdom of Man in such matters is imperfect. You should consult the wild animals. Tonight, at the darkest hour, go you to the counsel place of the animals. Go with love and with faith. Go wearing only your royal breast plates and the Girdle of your Soul. Call all the animals, They love you and will not fail you. They shall decide."

Accordingly, at the darkest hour, Mahalla emerged from her tent and hastened to the desert place where no plant would grow—the counsel place of the animals. She called to the Puma, the Coyote, the Fox, the Rabbit and to all the animals and night birds. She called to the east, the west, the north and the south. They came singly, in pairs and in packs. There was a soft patter of padded feet as they trotted, leaped and loped to the circle. The wings of the Hawk and the Owl made a whirring sound as they circled in the air. The animals sat upon their haunches in a circle around her.

"Hear me, oh, my friends, I love you, and have served you, and will serve you and help you for all time. Give me your aid and counsel now. My mate has called me. My Father opposes. Shall I abandon my people and my Father, and flee to a far country with the mate of my soul—the stranger?"

The animals wagged their heads and counseled together.

"We would see the stranger," said the Fox, and all the animals purred their approval.

"I will bring him," Mahalla replied. "He will surely be waiting near my tepee."

In a short time Mahalla returned hand and hand with the stranger. The animals looked into his face and whispered together. "It is the Prince of Plenty. Happy the tribe that shall hold him." They fawned against his legs and purred their welcome.

"Tell me," said the Princess, "shall we flee together?"

"Too late!" interrupted the Coyote, "the village is aroused. The warriors are pursuing."

All the animals tipped their heads to listen. The angry shouts of men could be heard. Nearer and nearer they came.

"Then we will die together," said the Princess, taking the hand of the stranger. "Death together is better than life without love."

"Hear me, oh friends," said the stranger, "wherever our blood shall mingle together in the sand, that soil shall be sacred to our friends, the wild creatures. Here our blood will fall, and here will spring up the plants that furnish food to the wild creatures only. Plants that shall produce food abundantly so that there shall never be famine again for our friends. You, Puma, and you, Coyote, and you, Rabbit, shall carry the seeds and scatter them on barren spots and on hillsides, and wherever they shall grow that land shall be cursed for Man and sacred to the wild creatures, for nothing that Man can eat will grow with vigor upon it."

The lovers knelt upon the sand, clasped hands and bowed their heads. The warriors were upon them. The heavy war clubs fell and the blood of the lovers mingled in the sand.

With a snarl of rage the Pumas and Coyotes bounded forward. "Go back to your people," they roared. "Go back and tell them you have killed our Princess. Henceforth there shall be war between Man and wild creatures. We shall kill you and you shall kill us. Tell your Chief you have killed his daughter and her mate—the Prince of Plenty—who was the mysterious stranger. Henceforth the Indian shall know want and famine, but from this ground, consecrated by the blood of the friends of wild animals, shall grow strange new plants to produce food for the wild creatures only. Wherever those plants will grow the soil belongs to us and will produce nothing for Man. The Prince of Plenty has provided for the friends of his mate."

In due time there grew from the blood-moistened ground three plants never known before—the wild buckwheat, the wild barley and the manzanita. They produced seeds and berries, foods especially suited for wild creatures, but not for Man. The Puma, the Coyote and the Rabbit carried the seeds to the waste and barren places on the plains and on the rocky hillsides where they grow, to this day, producing abundant food for wild creatures; and to this day there has been bitter warfare between Man and the Puma and Coyote.

THE LIGHTS OF ELSINORE.

Theca was an Indian Princess,
Daughter of the haughty Tondo,
Chief of all the brave Sobobas,
In the dim and distant ages
When they ruled the broad savannahs,
From the mountains to the ocean.

Fairest was she of the maidens,
Fairest of the comely maidens
Of the tribe of the Sobobas;
Tall and slender, lithe and graceful,
Flashing eyes of midnight splendor,
Laughing eyes, yet kind and tender.
Braids of glossy raven tresses
Fell like heavenly caresses
On her sloping sun-kissed shoulders.

To her Father came the warriors,
Youthful, brave and handsome warriors,
Asking for the hand of Theca,
Fairest of Soboba maidens;
Brought their gifts of furs and ponies,
Gifts of gaily painted ollas,
Laid their wealth of beads of turquoise,
Laid them at the feet of Tondo,
Asking for the hand in marriage
Of his peerless only daughter.

When the suitors came before her,
Theca saw not one among them
Who could cause her heart to flutter
With the tender recognition
Of the mate whom she had dreamed of;
Would not listen to their pleading,
Turned her face with scorning from them.

Then came Palo, Prince of Pala,
Straight and slender, like an arrow,
Small of hip and wide of shoulder,
Holding high his head, commanding
With a glance of eyes where smouldered
Hidden fires of love, which only
His beloved could uncover.

When her eyes at first beheld him,
In her heart there came a tumult,
Swelling in her breast with rapture.
Ran she with glad cries to meet him,
Lifted up her face to greet him.
"You have come at last," she murmured
"The ideal of my dreaming;
Long and patiently I waited,
I have loved and loved you only,
I shall wed and wed you only,
I am yours and yours forever."

"And you are mine," he said, and held her,
Close within his arms he held her,
To his throbbing heart he held her,
Pressed her, kissed her and caressed her.
While the tears of love were falling,
Souls within them both were calling.
To each other they were mated
When the things that are were fated,
And predestined by the Spirit
Ruling in the earth and heavens.

Hand in hand they went to Tondo,
Haughty Chief of the Sobobas,
Went to tell him the glad tidings
Of their love so pure and sacred,
Of their happiness so holy,
Of their bright hopes for the future,
Went with fond hearts gaily singing
Of the blessings love was bringing,
Went to make their glad confessing,
Eager for the Father's blessing.

Tondo listened while a tempest
Gathered on his furrowed features,
While his blood-shot eyes with anger
Flamed within their sunken sockets.
Then he rose in pride and passion
To his feet, and flushed with fury,
Crushed with cruel words the future
Of the children who would love him.

"What," he cried, "a child of Tondo
Mate with any son of Pala,
Ancient foes of the Sobobas,
Victors in an ancient battle
Fought between our Father's Fathers!

Rather would I see my daughter
Mated with a wild Coyote
Than the Scion of the Pala!
Never while the sun is swinging
Through the heavens shall my daughter
Mate with Palo, Prince of Pala!"

Then the lovers, sad and weeping,
Bowed their heads before the Chieftain,
Left the Chieftain in his tepee.
Hand in hand but broken hearted,
Wandered in the cooling shadows
Of the sycamores and bay trees
Growing by the sun-lit river.
Butterflies were on the roses,
Bees were gathering the honey
From the flowers for their babies,
Bluejays nested in the branches,
Meadowlarks sang in their wooing,
Turtle Doves were softly cooing
Perching on their nests and billing;
Creatures everywhere were filling
Their short lives with love and beauty;
Yet, because of tribal duty,
They, unlike the birds, were fated
Never to be blessed and mated.

Years went by, but never lessened
Love between the parted lovers.
Theca grew in grace and wisdom,
Sad and wistful was her beauty,
Less of earth and more of heaven.
In her soul a light was burning,
In her heart a tender yearning
For the love that was denied her,
Yearning for a child beside her.

Turned her holy Mother nature
To the homeless, loveless orphans,
And the children of her people.
To her came the little orphans,
Drawn toward her by the magic
Of her calm and sainted person.
Nurtured by her love and wisdom,
Children grew in grace and beauty
Of their bodies and their spirits
Till her charges were more perfect
Than the others of her people;
And the Mothers watched and marveled,
Saying the Great Spirit guided
Her and guarded with his blessing.

Came a tribal great fiesta
At the village of Soboba.
All the neighboring tribes were gathered
There to honor the Great Spirit.
Tondo stood before his warriors,
Panoplied in all his splendor
With his sacred bear claw necklace,
With his royal robes and armlets.
Theca, Princess of Soboba,
As becoming one so royal,
Stood receiving the obeisance
Of the Old Men and the Chieftains.
Beautiful she was and queenly
In her robes of rarest feathers,
Girt about with strands of wampum,
In her breastplates and her bracelets,
With the royal feather fastened
In her hair of midnight blackness.
Grouped behind her were her children,
Orphans who revered and loved her,
Decked in feather robes and flowers.

Last came Palo, Prince of Pala,
Now the Chief of all the Palas.
Noble was his face and bearing,
Royal were his robes and feathers,
On his breast the royal necklace,
Set with tourmaline and turquoise.
On the scene there fell a silence,
Silence and a tense foreboding.
All the Chieftains and the people
Knew the hopeless love between them,
Knew the iron will of Tondo.
Not a whisper broke the silence,
Not a word by them was spoken.
Waited they for sign or token
That should pass between the lovers.

Eyes of Palo, Prince of Pala,
Gazed into the eyes of Theca,
Saw in them her true devotion,
Saw the love within them burning,
Saw the soul within her yearning.
Theca looked upon her lover,
Her's alone; she saw no other
In that company of warriors.
In his eyes she saw the longing,
And the love that was belonging
To her only through the power
Of the laws of the Great Spirit,
Foreordained from the beginning.
Slowly walked they to each other,
Slowly walked with arms extended,
Eyes into each other blended,
Drawn as by a mighty magnet,
Magnet of the Gods and Angels
Which no human power can sever—
Walked they till their hands were clasping
And their lips had met in kisses.

Then the magic spell was broken.
Tondo, Chief and King, had spoken,
Spoken in a raging fury,
Spoken in a voice of thunder;
"Take the Princess to her tepee,
Seize this bold young Prince of Pala,
War shall follow for presuming
To oppose my royal orders."

But Prince Palo was not taken.
Round his head his heavy war club
Swung like pine boughs in a tempest,
Beating down all who attacked him
Till they lay in heaps and windrows,
Like the drift-wood on the sea shore.
Then Prince Palo left the village,
Left with challenge and defiance
Of the boldest braves to take him,
Vowing to return and carry
Princess Theca to the Palas.

In her tepee sat the Princess
Weeping while her cruel Father
Scorned her pleading for his mercy.
"You shall be," he said, "imprisoned,
Separated from your children,
Who, though innocent, shall suffer,
Scattered wide like frightened rabbits."

Later came a maid to Tondo
Saying "Theca and her children
Have been carried off by Palo."
Then the loud alarm was sounded,
Beating on the wooden tom-toms,
Beating, beating, beating, beating,
Till their weird reverberations
Came in echoes from the mountains,
Waking all the sleeping village.
Beacon fires were quickly lighted,
In the ruddy glow the people
Ran about in wild confusion,
Like the ants upon an ant hill,
Looking into every tepee,
Searching every nook and corner.
Still the tom-toms beating, beating!
All the people joined the uproar,
All the village in a tumult,
Calling, calling to the children
Who with Theca had escaped them.
Still the tom-toms beating, beating!
Further ran the warriors, vainly
Searching for the missing Princess,
Loudly calling, "Theca, Theca!"
Still the tom-toms beating, beating!
O'er the plains and through the valleys,
O'er the hills and up the canyons
Ran the warriors bearing torches,
Still the tom-toms beating, beating!

Came at last the old King Tondo
To the Pass of Granite Boulders.
Looked he then on Minnechica,
Lake of Elsinore the mystic,
Where the gods have left their cauldrons,
Springs of boiling mud and waters,
Steaming springs with reek of sulphur
From the underworld of spirits.
Round the lake the mountains towered,
Crowned by pine trees, slashed by canyons.
Over them a full moon floated,
Floated in the purple heavens,
In the star incrustated heavens.
On the lake the moonlight glistened,
Glistened in a silver pathway,
From the tules and the sedges,
From the iris at the edges
To the distant mountain bases.

Silhouetted in the gleaming
Moonlit mirror of the waters
Stood the Princess with her lover,
With her lover and the orphans,
At the border of the water
Where the purple iris blossoms—
Stood like statues supplicating,
Stood in prayer with arms uplifted,
Supplicating the Great Spirit
For assistance in their journey
To the village of the Palas.

Loudly called the Chieftain Tondo,
Called upon his men to follow.
In his heart was hate and anger,
"Seize my daughter," he commanded,
"Slay Prince Palo and the orphans."
With exultant cries the warriors
Ran toward the lake to seize them.

Theca turned toward her father:
"Hear me, Father, calm your anger,
Lest forever you regret it,
Lest in vain you shall repent it.
Cease pursuing, stop your warriors,
Be my Father, not my Chieftain,
For the love you bore my Mother.
Give your blessing on my marriage
With Prince Palo, my belovéd.
For the stars that shine above me
Shall not set until I wed him,
Since the gods at last have led him
To my side I shall not leave him.
He has sworn, and I believe him,
That our souls shall be united.
For all time our faith is plighted;
We shall live and die together,
Never part again forever.
Speak, my Father, bless your daughter,
Or our souls will haunt the water."

But the Chief advanced, unheeding
Of his daughter's tearful pleading:
"Never shall my will be broken.
Seize them, warriors. I have spoken."
Then, too late, the Chieftain halted,
Chilling horror came upon him,
Loudly called he to his daughter,
Called with anguish, vainly pleading.

Out upon the silver pathway
Of the moonlight on the waters,
Sinking deeper—ever deeper—
Hand in hand as to an altar,
To their wedding went the lovers,
Wedding of their souls forever.
But the song that they were singing
Was the death song of their people,
Mournful death song of their people.
And behind them walked the children,
Like the bridesmaids at a wedding ,
Chanting in their childish treble,
Mournful death song of their people,
Strewing flowers on the waters,
White and fragrant bridal flowers.
Thus were wedded Princess Theca
And her lover, Prince of Pala.

When the warriors reached the water,
Silenced was the mournful death song.
Gentle breezes moved the tules
In a sad and eerie rustle,
Like the whispering of spirits,
Spirits breathing o'er the waters.
Came a chilling fear upon them
As they paused to look and listen,
Paused to listen and to wonder.
Then the moon, as though in sorrow,
Hid her face behind a storm cloud,
Hid her face and sent the darkness
Brooding o'er the silent waters.

Then appeared a light uncanny
Like a point of fire unearthly,
Floating o'er the murky waters,
Then another, and another,
Till they equaled in their number,
Theca, Palo, and the children.
And they danced above the sedges,
Danced above the whispering tules,
Danced across the gloomy marshes,
Danced as children dance with gladness.
"They are spirits," said the warriors,
"Lo their ghosts come back to haunt us!"
Then they fled away in terror,
Chief and warriors fled in terror,
To their village with the tidings,
With the sad and tragic story
Of the passing of the Princess
And the brave and faithful lover,
And the orphans who adored her;
Of the coming of their spirits
Back in dancing lights to haunt them.

When the people on the morrow
Went to wail their grief and sorrow
On the shores of Minnechica,
There they found a strange white flower
Growing where the orphans gathered
For their death march to the water.

To this day that flower blossoms
On the shores of Minnechica,
White and pure is the flower,
Like the spirits of the orphans.
And on moonless summer evenings,
Over marshes and the sedges,
Where the purple iris blossoms
And the wind blown tules whisper,
Dance the souls of Princess Theca,
And her lover with the orphans.

O'er the lake forevermore
Dance the Lights of Elsinore.

THE STEPPING STONES

The Gods had provided the hot springs,
Fountains of steaming hot water
Bubbling up from the fires
Deep in the heart of the mountain;
Hot springs for cooking the acorns,
Fountains for healing the people,
Healing the sick and the crippled,
Bringing back youth to the aged,
Driving out Spirits of Evil.
Battles were fought for the hot springs,
Only the strongest possessed them.
Happy the tribe in possession,
Jealous the covetous neighbors.

Peaceful and calm was the village
Under the wide spreading live oaks.
Smoke from the tepees was rising,
Women were grinding the acorns.
Children were playing and laughing
As children have done in all ages.
Maidens were carrying ollas
Filled with the steaming hot water,
Gracefully balanced on shoulders
Gleaming like bronze in the sunlight.

Wateka, the Chief's only daughter,
Sat in the shade of the bay tree,
The pungently odorous bay tree,
And talked with her lover, Katona.
Whispered as lovers have always
Of love, and their dreams of the future,
Laughter at intervals ringing
In ripples of music between them.

Into the village a runner
Came with the speed of the whirlwind,
Came with a shout and a warning,
Ran till he fell at the tepee
Of Zantah, the Chief of Soboba.
"Cahuillas are coming," he shouted,
"The warriors of the Cahuillas
Are coming to conquer or kill us,
Coming with weapons to fight us,
To drive us away from our hot springs."

Then came the shouting and turmoil,
Weeping and wailing of women,
Calling of Mothers to children,
Beating of war drums, the war drums,
Continuous beating of war drums,
Rolling a thunderous clamor
Into the far distant gardens,
Into the valleys and canyons,
Echoing back from the hillsides,
Calling the warriors together,
Calling the braves who were hunting,
Or fishing in valleys and rivers.
The thunderous din of the war drums,
The shouting of gathering warriors—
The terrified wailing of women,
Mingled their clamors together.

Forth went the warriors to battle,
Armed with the long bows and arrows,
Spears and the stone-headed war clubs,
Carrying shields made of rawhide,
Brandishing weapons and singing
The battle songs of the Sobobas.

When the Cahuillas were sighted,
Stilled were the songs and the war drums.
Silently forward they ventured,
Creeping like snakes on their stomachs,
Hidden by grasses and bushes.
They fought in the ways of their Fathers,
Fought with the cunning of foxes,
With feints, and with traps for the ambush,
Speeding the spears and the arrows
Straight at the Cahuilla warriors
Who were exposed for the moment
In dashing across open places
To hide behind tree trunks and boulders.
No campfires were lighted that evening
Unless as a trap for an ambush.
So fought the valliant Sobobas
With the intrepid Cahuillas,
Fought for three days and fought bravely,
Yet neither tribe won the advantage.

To Yozo, the Chief of Cahuillas,
A runner came bearing the message,
"The Yaquis are taking the warpath,
Coming to capture the hot springs;
Little care they who shall hold them!
Neither Sobobas nor Cahuillas
Alone can contend with the Yaquis."

Yozo then sent to Chief Zantah
A messenger with a white feather
Asking a council, and saying:
"The Yaquis are coming to fight you.
You cannot win if we join them.
Let us unite, and together
Our people will live at the hot springs.
United, no tribe dare attack us.
We can defend them and hand them,
A heritage, down to our children.
Our sons and our daughters shall marry,
But I, Yozo, Chief of Cahuilla,
Shall marry your daughter Wateka,
Wateka, the rose of Soboba."

A truce was declared to their warfare.
A counsel was held 'round the campfire.
The Chieftains and wise men palavered.
The terms of the peace were agreed on.
The peace pipe was passed round the circle.
Wateka was called for betrothal
To Yozo, the Chief of Cahuilla.

Wateka was not in her tepee.
Wateka was not at the hot spring,
Nor sycamore grove by the river.
Wateka was not in her bower
Among the low-sweeping bay trees.
The call for Wateka resounded—
Wateka! Wateka! Wateka!

Wateka had fled with Katona,
Fled with her lover, Katona,
Scorning the proffer of Yozo,
Flaunting the edict of counsel.
Only her heart should control her,
Only her lover should wed her;
Rather the hazard of fleeing
To neighboring tribes who were strangers.

Into the night fled the lovers,
Into the moonlight that burnished
The sycamore branches with silver.
The twinkling stars were above them,
The world with its freedom before them,
And true love was singing within them.

Over the pebbly streamlet,
Over the sage covered desert,
By thickets of lilac and heather,
Hand in hand hastened the lovers.
Lions and wolves and coyotes
Looked in their faces and passed them,
Passed them and would not molest them.

Over the eastern horizon
Spread the pink glow of the morning.
Clouds turned to crimson and orange,
Glorious! Constantly changing.
Then came the sun in its splendor,
Drinking the mists in the valleys,
Drying the dew on the grasses.

Onward still hastened the lovers,
Southward to safety with strangers.
Round them the wild flowers were blooming.
Hillsides were dappled with splashes
Of mustard and deep golden poppies.
Lupins of blue, white and purple
Lay like a carpet before them.
Violets, purple and yellow,
Buttercups, lilies and iris,
Paint brush, and primrose and wild rose
Grew in a riot of color,
Filling the air with their perfume.

Under a live oak the lovers
Paused to admire the flowers
Spread like a bright colored blanket
Over the hillsides and valleys.
Light were their hearts, little knowing
The turmoil their flight had created,
Or that, even then, their pursuers
Were following close on their footsteps.

Onward they went through the meadows,
Over the hills to a lakelet
Formed in the course of a river—
A lakelet in winter and springtime
That sinks in the heat of the summer.
Tall tules bordered the edges,
Water fowls swam on the surface,
Wild pigeons cooed in the thickets
Of cottonwoods, wild grapes and willows.
Now must they turn in their pathway,
Retracing their steps to the hill top,
To circle the lake at a distance.

But hark! There were people approaching,
Shouting like men on the warpath.
Shouting "Katona!" in anger,
Calling "Wateka" with pleading.
"Wateka! Wateka! Wateka!"
"Surrender Katona, or perish."
On came the men down the hillside,
Baying like dogs on a fox hunt,
Knowing the lovers were helpless,
Knowing they could not escape them.

Then turned the lovers in anguish,
And prayed to the Guardian of Lovers.
Lifting their arms toward heaven
They prayed "*Oh, Great Spirit defend us.
Thou, who hast twined us together,
Binding our hearts to each other,
Do not desert us, but save us.
Show us the way to escape them.*"

A rippling came in the waters,
A tinkling sound like the laughter
Of water sprites playing with raindrops,
As up from the lake bed were lifted
Stepping stones covered with mosses,
Dripping with water, but forming
A pathway as straight as an arrow
To the opposite bank of the lakelet.
Over the stepping stones lightly
Ran the two lovers with laughter,
But when the pursuers attempted
To follow the stepping stones vanished,
Plunging them all in the water.

The lovers escaped and were married,
And happily lived with each other
For many years in a far country,
Thanking the Guardian of Lovers.

The stepping stones covered with mosses
Appear to this day in the springtime
When lovers eloping shall need them,
And woe to whoever pursues them!

THE ECHO.

In a barren desert country
Lived the tribe of the Wa-wo-na.
On their plains was sand and sage brush,
On their hillsides, rock and heather ;
Blizzards chilled them in the winter,
Scorching winds in summer burned them.

Like the country that they lived in,
Grim and cruel were the people.
All their lives were spent in fighting,
Fighting for a mere existence,
For the food for their subsistence ;
Ever watchful for a foeman
Or a serpent to destroy them.
When not fighting with their neighbors
They were fighting with each other ;
Killing beasts and birds for pleasure,
Not for food, nor furs, nor feathers.
Little wonder that their natures
Grew vindictive, harsh and cruel ;
Knew they naught of love nor kindness,
Even love for little children.

For that reason the Great Spirit
Looked with frowning down upon them;
And, to show his dire displeasure,
Beckoned to their unborn children
To remain among the Spirits,
Seeking not to find their Mothers.

When six summer suns had faded
In the snows and rains of winter
And no children came among them,
Chief and Old Men held a council
To devise a potent Magic
To appease the angry Spirits
Who withheld the children from them.

In the tepee sat the Council,
Sat with bowed heads, sad of feature.
I-pah, Chief of the Wa-wo-na,
Drew upon his pipe of greenstone,
Blew the smoke of the tobacco
North and south, and east and westward.
Then he spoke in weary accents,
For his heart was sorely troubled:
"Well you know our charms have failed us,
All our magic is impotent,
All our prayers have been unheeded;

Therefore, go I to the mountains
To commune with the Great Spirit,
Seeking wisdom from wild creatures.
I will ask Old Man Coyote,
I will ask the Bear and Puma,
I will ask the wise old Night Owl,
With the mournful voice, to tell me
The commands of the Great Spirit."

For a moon, Chief I-pah wandered
In the forest of the pine trees,
Calling to the forest creatures
To give aid, and lend their counsel;
But the forest creatures answered
Him with snarls, and howls and chatter
That their help was for friends only,
Not for cruel, heartless people
Like the people of Wa-wo-na.

Came a time when the Great Spirit
Heard the constant, patient pleading;
Listened to the prayer of I-pah,
Looked with pity down upon him.
To a Grizzly Bear the Spirit
Gave a message to deliver
To Chief I-pah, in the night time,
When he slept beside his camp-fire.

From the shadows came the Grizzly.
Grizzly sat upon his haunches,
Leaned his back against a pine tree,
Then he spoke in human language:
"I will answer, Oh, Chief I-pah,
I will answer, I will tell you
Of the will of the Great Spirit,
Father of all men and creatures.
Long your people have forgotten
That all men and tribes are brothers,
Kin of all the living creatures,
Sharing equally the favors
Of the Spirit, their Creator.
If you wish to save your people
From extinction—hear his orders.
Lead your people to the mountains,
To the distant purple mountains,
Where the snow-peaks gleam and glisten
When the sun comes up behind them.
Let them cease their wars and quarrels,
Teach them kindness to each other;
Let them learn to care for children,
Learn to love and make them happy,
Joining in their games and pastimes;
When he finds the parents worthy,
He will send the children to them.
He will send the children to them."

When Chief I-pah told his people
Of the message given to him,
Rose their spirits in rejoicing,
Hastened they to move their village.
Ponies dragged the slender tent poles
Loaded down with willow baskets
Filled with pottery and blankets,
Mortars, pestles, corn and acorns,
Dried meat, furs and all the luggage
Of a tribe in its migration.

On they marched for seven sunsets,
Over scorching, sandy deserts;
Through the sagebrush and the yucca;
Through the tules of the marshes;
Through the valleys of the live oaks;
By the pleasant river borders
Where the sycamore and willows
Cast a cooling shade in midday;
Over foothills; through the valleys;
Up the ridges; to the region
Where the fragrant breezes murmur
In the branches of the pine trees.

As they traveled the Great Spirit
Marked their every thought and action.
What a change had come upon them!
Cruelty had changed to kindness;
Cheering words were passed between them;
Strong men helped their weaker brothers;
Fathers carried tired children;
Took the burdens from the women.
When a Bear Cub crossed their pathway
Weapons were not raised against it;
Fawns were passed and not molested;
Nesting wild Birds were protected.

As they camped among the pine trees,
Came a woman from the forest
With a babe upon her bosom;
Ill she was, and faint with hunger.
From their scanty store they fed her
Of their choicest foods, and lead her
To a place beside their camp-fire;
Wrapped her in a robe of beaver;
Cheered her with a cordial welcome.

As the days went by the stranger
Grew in strength, as did the infant
At her breast, now full and ample.
"For your kindness," said the stranger,
"I will lead you to a valley,
Hidden in the mountain fastness,
Where the Deer herds roam in hundreds,
Feeding in the grassy meadows;
Where the streams with fish are teeming;
Where the corn will grow with vigor
To supply your food for winter."

"Who are you?" the Chief demanded,
But the woman only answered:
"I am she, who bears an infant,
Sent to guide you, by the Spirit,
Should you prove that you are worthy!"

Onward then the tribe proceeded;
For two suns they traveled onward
Till they stood upon a cliff top.
Far below them lay a valley
Of such wondrous, peaceful beauty,
That they stood in awe and wonder,
Long to contemplate the picture.
Then along a narrow game trail,
Made by Antelope and Bison,
Deer and Elk and Bear and Puma,
They descended to the valley.

Round them towered cliffs of Granite
Over which the rivers tumbled
Breaking into clouds of vapor
Where the rainbows flashed their colors.
Through the parks, where Deer were grazing,
Gently flowed a limpid river;
Fishes leaping in the sunlight
Broke the surface into ripples.
In the oak trees hung the acorns;
In the thickets berries ripened,
Quail were calling, Rabbits leaping.

Quickly rose their huts and tepees
In the fragrant shade of pine trees
By the gently flowing river.
Thus the tribe of the Wa-wo-na
Took possession of the valley.
Gone were all their cruel habits,
Gentle had become their natures.

Many moons had grown from crescents
Into round moons, then had faded,
Yet the Stranger-Mother lingered,
Guiding wisely with her counsel.
Strong and robust grew the infant,
Only baby in the village.
All the women vied to serve him,
Love him, hold him and caress him.
When he smiled, the passing dimples
Drew their laughter and their kisses;
When he cried, they feared a sickness.
When a tooth appeared they marveled,
As if teeth were unexpected;
"Baby has a tooth!" they shouted,
Every woman came to see it.
When he spoke his first word, "Mother,"
All the women gathered round him:
"He has spoken! He has spoken!"
Went the tidings through the village.

In his willow papoose basket,
Padded with the fur of Rabbits,
Women carried him with pleasure
On their backs about the village.
Came a day when one young woman
Ventured further up the river,
Gathering the golden poppies
And the Mariposa lilies
To adorn the baby's basket.
Past the Happy Isles she wandered
Where the stream, in rills dividing,
Rush and babble over boulders,
And the quaking aspens cluster
With their leaves all in a flutter
At the kiss of mountain breezes.
To a lake she came and halted;
Speechless was she at the beauty
Of the lake, wherein reflected
Was the image of the mountains,
Like a picture, though inverted.

As she knelt to drink, the woman
Saw her face reflected clearly
From the surface of the water,
And the smiling face of baby
Peering at her from her shoulder;
"Mother, Mother," cooed the baby.
From the mystic Land of Nowhere,
From the air, the cliffs, the mountains,
From the open gates of Heaven,
Came the sweet voice of a baby
Faintly calling: "Mother, Mother."
Startled by the eerie whisper
She stood up and looked about her;
She could see no living being!
"It's the spirit of a baby
Calling to me from the Heavens!
Calling me as to a Mother!
Now, at last, my prayers are answered;
He is coming! He is coming!"

Thus she thought, and hastened homeward
With a new light brightly shining
In her eyes, and told the women
That a miracle had happened
Through the magic of the baby.
"I have heard a spirit baby
Calling to me from the Heavens,
Where the lake reflects the Heavens!
Blessed am I, of all women,
For a child is coming to me,
Soon a babe will call me Mother!"

Then another took the baby
In her arms, and ran with eager
Footsteps to the Lake of Mirrors.
Would the Gods in pity hear her?
Would they lay a blessed baby
On her breast, so void and aching?
When she stood upon the border
Of the mystic Lake of Mirrors
Hope and fear swelled in her bosom.
Was the spirit of her baby
Waiting for her in the Heavens?
Would it hear her, hear her pleading?
Would it answer to her calling?
"Help me, Gods!" she prayed, "Oh, help me!"

Then she spoke into the silence:
"Hear me, baby, hear your Mother."
"Mother, Mother," came a whisper!
"Will you come to me, and love me?"
"Love me," came a pleading whisper!
"Come into my arms and nestle,
Lay your head upon my bosom,
I will love you, love you always."
"Always, always," breathed the answer!
"Will you come to me in summer,
Winter, fall, or in the springtime?"
"In the springtime," came the answer!

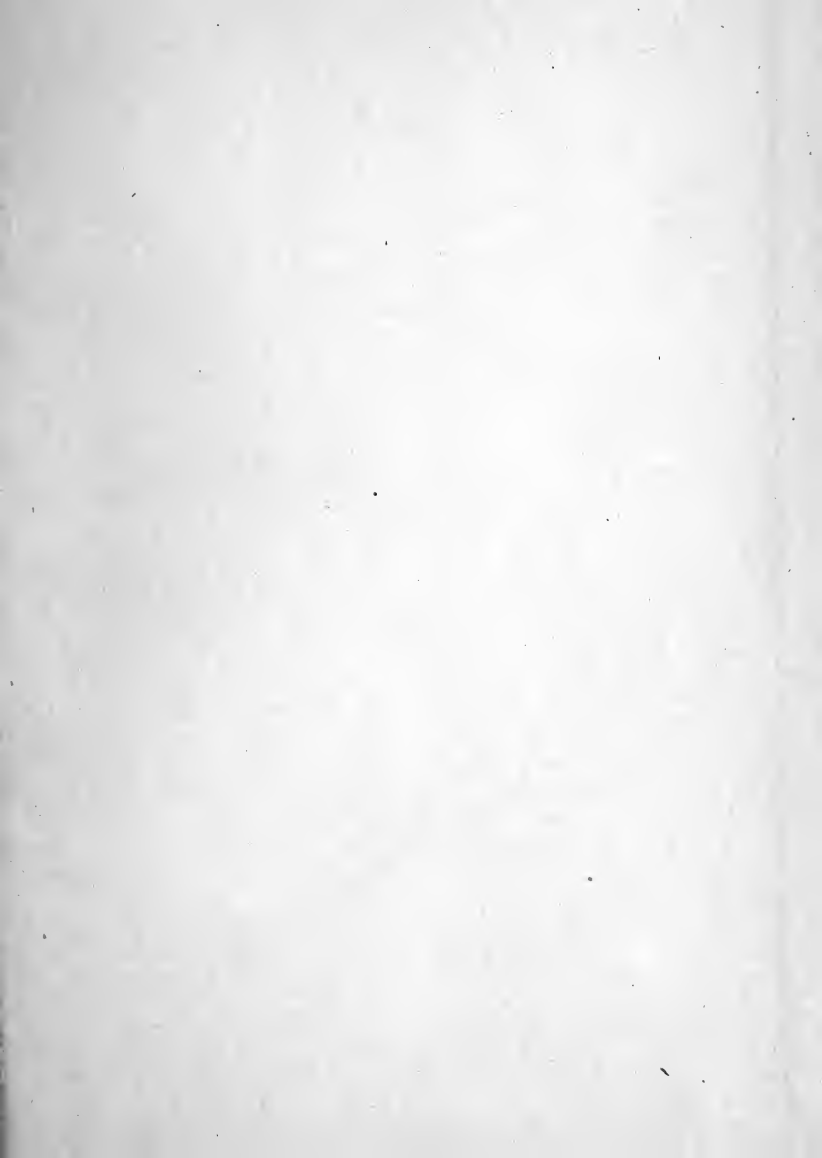
With rejoicing came the woman
To the camp and told her story.
All the women went to listen
To the spirit voices calling.
In the village all was gladness;
Songs were heard in every tepce.

Loving hands were turned to braiding
Papoose baskets made of willow,
Or of rushes from the marshes.
Dainty robes were made of Mole skin,
Or the fur of Squirrels and Rabbits,
Gaily painted, or embroidered
With the feathers of the Bluebird,
Redwing, Meadow Lark, and Robin;
Brilliant colors, gaily mingled,
Fitting wardrobes for the babies
Of the women of Wa-wo-na.

When the happy Mothers gathered
In the shade of fragrant pine trees,
With their papoose baskets near them,
Prayers of thankfulness ascended
For the many blessings given;
For their children, for their valley,
For the peace with all their neighbors,
For the Bear that spoke to I-pah,
For the stranger who had guided,
For her infant who had tempted
From the spirit land their babies.

Then one asked the Stranger-Mother
Whom they now called Yo-se-me-ta,
"Tell me, Yo-se-me-ta, tell me,
In the Spirit Land of babies,
Waiting to be born of mortals,
Are there names for every spirit?"
"No," she answered, gravely smiling,
"One name only for all spirits
Who are waiting for their parents
To grow worthy to receive them;
One name only shall you call them;
Call them Echoes, call them Echoes."

LBS '19

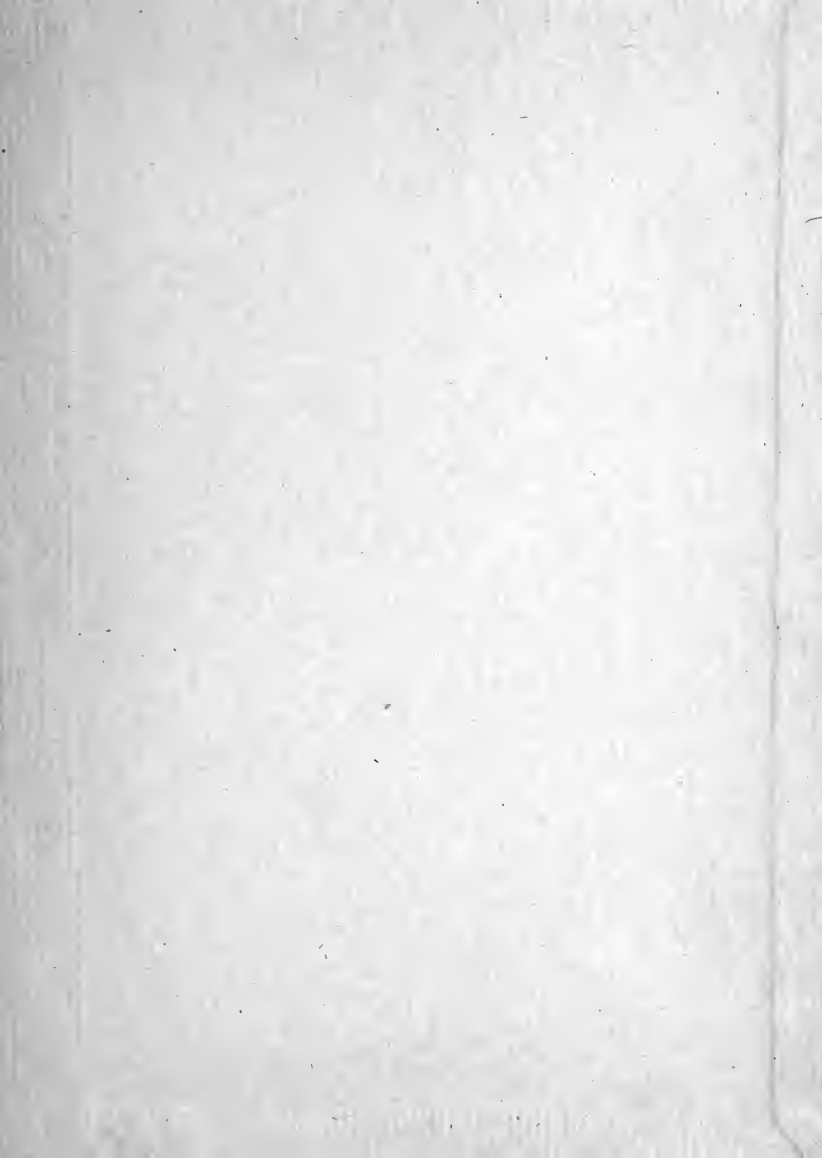


Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Sept. 2009

PreservationTechnologies

A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION

111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 018 602 450 3